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VIA WIRELESS

Novelized by Thompson Buchanan From the Successful Play of the Same Name
By WINCHELL SMITH, FREDERIC THOMPSON AND PAUL ARMSTRONG

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Durant Comes Home.

Pinckney saw his chance. "I think I can understand, Marsh," he said, kindly laying his hand on the draughtsman's arm. "And, really, I am your friend. I have not told you before, but I have a scheme, and if you trust me it will go through and everything will end right. You don't know anything about business, do you?" "No," agreed Marsh, "I don't."



"You let my boy be killed."

A great hope had dawned on Marsh's face. "You mean you will do that square?" he asked. "Of course," answered Pinckney, "if we can arrange it. I will draw the royalty for Rhinestrom and pay it over to you. The business must, of course, be done through me or nothing will come of it. You must trust me."

turn from a trip abroad on business and Sommer and Pinckney had both been to dinner with the family. "Now, now, dear," the steel man protested, "I'm sure this naval chap is interested in what I have to say. If he invents guns himself he ought to be interested, and he certainly paid attention."

Mrs. Durant's lips curled. "Paid attention?" she snifed. "I guess he paid attention because you are Frances' father, not for any other reason."

Durant picked up his ears at once. "Frances' father?" he asked. "How should that interest this fellow?" The father was plainly put out. He had too long held the idea that the name of Durant in the steel world would be perpetuated by the marriage of Frances and his protegee, Edward Pinckney, for him to hear with equanimity that penniless naval officer was paying her any attention.

"Now, look here, George Durant," exclaimed his wife indignantly, "don't you dare to pretend yourself that Frances is not attractive!" "I never pretended any such thing," he protested.

"You did!" she declared insistently. "But, my dear," he said, "I never pretended any such thing. I only said that Frances is not attractive, and I want to tell you that Frances is the prettiest girl in Pittsburgh, even if she is your daughter."

George Durant smiled placidly. "Well, my dear, you see, she's bound to be pretty. Think of her mother!" "Now, don't try to soft soap me just because I'm your wife, George. Remember I've had twenty years of your blarney and I recognize it!"

"All right, my dear," he agreed. "We'll let it go at that. Let the naval man pay attention to her. It won't do him any good."

Miscellaneous Reading.

AN ADVENTURE IN LABRADOR.

Narrow Escape of the Wife of a Missionary.

The wife of a Labrador missionary must possess not only patience and self-devotion but also a strong body and brave heart. It is to these added a sense of humor so much the better is she equipped for her manifold duties.

During the winter of 1902 a passing Eskimo brought word to the Labrador mission at Nain that scarlet fever had broken out at Okak and that the missionaries there were entirely out of medicine.

Accordingly Mr. Franz of Nain, who had some medical training, started north at once by dog sled, taking with him Mr. Kent, a young English missionary arrived but a few months before.

At the last moment it was decided to take also Mrs. Kent, as she had been a trained nurse before her marriage. For the first part of the journey Mrs. Kent enjoyed herself thoroughly. In the dry clear air a temperature of 20 degrees below zero was not at all unbearable.

Wrapped from head to foot in furs, she sat in the doorway of her komatic box or for short stretches joined her husband and Mr. Franz in running on snow-shoes beside the lead dog. Even two nights spent in the odoriferous Eskimo huts could not daunt her spirits.

JEWISH HUMOR.

The Hebrew Race Has Its Own Budget of Stories Unheard by Others.

There is in circulation among Jews a large body of humorous anecdotes transmitted from generation to generation just as are the folk tales of a more serious nature. They deal with rabbis, melamdim, kaufleute, and many of them would be incomprehensible to those who have not had an intimate experience with the phases of Jewish life with occasion.

Every occasion when Jews foregather is enlivened with stories that "my species of unclean animal is carefully described so that the faithful Jew may avoid eating the same."

The teacher came to the word "Yanschuf," which means a "fahkwh," but he had neither an image of the thing nor a word for it in his mind he translated it without ado "yanschuf."

A merchant who had just married a very rich wife was promulgating with his bride when he met a friend, to whom he introduced her. The lady was so ugly that the friend could not refrain from whispering to the young merchant:

"You know, Max, she isn't exactly beautiful!" "And her teeth are gone," continued the friend.

THE SELF-DEPRECIATORY MAN.

Few Characters So Humble, Uncle Hiram Tells His Nephew.

"Henry," said Uncle Hiram to his hopeful young nephew, "I would not advise anybody to go around continually blowing his own horn. We tire of men who do that, and we are apt to think of them that that's all they can do, blow."

"On the other hand, Henry, never belittle yourself; never be self-deprecatory. Don't have a poor opinion of yourself, but if you do have such an opinion don't express it. The man who blows his own horn may make himself a laughing stock, but the self-deprecatory man almost invariably is."

"So never run yourself down or speak doubtfully of your own ability. If the boss is thinking of advancing you and he should say to you some day, 'Henry, we are thinking of trying you on this thing. Do you think you could handle this job?' you don't want to say, 'Well, I haven't had much experience yet in that way, and I don't know whether I could do that or not.'"

"You don't know what you can do till you try. Some men try and fail, but an astonishing number rise to occasions, developing strength or ability that others might never have thought them to possess."

Farm Labor Trouble. "High prices for foodstuffs in the United States can not be justified," said Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture, recently, "but if you want to know the real inside explanation I will give it to you."

THE WHISTLE.

Original Story of Famous Lesson in Economy.

When I was a child of seven years old my friends on a holiday filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a whistle that I met, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me that I had given for a whistle, and that I had bought a bad thing for my money. I was so much for my folly that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterward of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, don't give too much for the whistle; and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many—very many—who gave too much for the whistle. If I knew a miser who gave up any kind of a comfortable living, to the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow citizens and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, poor man, said I, you pay too much for your whistle.

When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind or of his fortune to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health in his pursuit, mistaken man, said I, you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.

If I see one fond of appearance or fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages, a car above his fortune, for which he contracts debts and ends his career in a prison, alas! say I, he has paid dear for his whistle. In short, I perceive that the great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things and by their giving too much for their whistles.—Benjamin Franklin.

JOHANNA ENGLEMAN.

She Qualified as a Juror and Would Have Made a Good One.

"What a deep bow in Judge Houser, Mrs. Johanna Engleman of Santa Monica, the first woman juror on record in the state of California, took her place in the jury box in department 3 of the superior court in Los Angeles. Together with ten other members of the term trial jury she successfully passed the qualifications necessary for jury service."

Questioning the panel as a whole, Judge Houser informed the talented woman that to qualify, they must be citizens of the United States, over the age of twenty-one years, in possession of their normal faculties, able to understand the English language and assessed on the last assessment roll of the county.

"Are there any of those present who do not possess these qualifications?" "Mrs. Engleman replied that she was qualified to serve under the rules as stated by the court."

Two jurors protested that they were not on the assessment rolls and were excused. Others got away on account of business engagements, sickness, deafness and similar complaints, and about a dozen of the panel, escaped jury service in that way.

Not so Mrs. Engleman. While others were urging all kinds of reasons for evading service she accepted gladly the chance to do duty as a citizen.